

Sequachee Valley News.

VOL. VII.

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IN FAVOR OF THE UNION.

In a recent issue of the Atlanta Constitution there was a letter from a Georgia merchant in regard to labor unions in his town, which contained the highest praise for such organizations.

Among other reasons, he said that since the advent of the labor union, wages had taken a settled basis and were higher than under the old arrangement. Consequently the men have more money to spend, buy better goods and more of them, and articles that are not altogether what are classed as staples, thus giving some one else a chance to earn something. Under the present system of profit, the merchant scarcely gets back the original cost of meat, flour, sugar, coffee, etc., and where wages are low these are about the only articles the laborer and artisan buy. In other words it takes about all they can make to keep body and soul together, or, to make it still plainer their employers would regard them as beasts of burden, without soul, ambition, or intelligence and would pay them in the same measure. If, on the other hand, the laborer and artisan get higher wages then they have enough to buy the necessities of life and to spare. They may even semi-starve and semi-cloth themselves and their children and buy a little house.

It is a noticeable fact that the presence of the labor union has always had a tendency to value the working man's labor, his capital, at a higher price than where none exist. Consequently those localities come nearer enjoying prosperity than those places where every man is for himself and not for his fellows. In this respect the labor union strongly resembles one prominent feature of Socialism—the principle of fraternity.

The rise of the labor union has also given a deathblow to the infamous contract system, which did more, perhaps, to enslave the laborer than any other scheme ever originated. Its principles may be briefly summed as follows: Two profits in one market on the labor of one man. One of the first things the labor union did was to protest against this system and when their protest was unheeded, they showed that the matter was not a whim or a mere vision of disordered fancy by going on a strike. What could they have done? It is true there was a great loss of time and money to make soulless corporations listen to their appeals, but right eventually triumphed and the union was strengthened thereby.

It was a triumph of consolidation. A trust of labor, which can never do the country harm, and has a thousand-fold greater right to exist as long as the men govern and are not governed, than any Standard Oil octopus or Sugar Trust.

We have been asked what the organization called "the Church of God" believes and here it is: An organization of this denomination was formed at Harrisburg, Pa., in 1880, by John W. Wehrer, formerly of the German Church, and they believe in the Bible as the authoritative revelation of God, the Trinity, the vicarious atonement, human depravity and freedom of the will, rejecting the Calvinistic doctrine of election. They accept only adult baptism, and footwashing is an important ordinance of their church. They number about 30,000 in the U. S.

Let it be understood that the policy of this paper is strictly independent and as such we have a right to express our opinion on questions of the hour irrespective of party. In other words we wear no collar.

We hear that Hon. Foster V. Brown will present the matter of re-districting Marion County to the Supreme Court.

VINEYARDS OF SEQUACHEE. JUST FOR AMUSEMENT.

Considerable work is now being done in these vineyards preparatory for this year's crop, and the indications point to a very successful season.

When we consider that of all the enterprises of this town the grape industry stands almost alone in producing a certain profit we cannot understand why the proprietors have not made the addition they promised. There is no doubt the vineyards should be extended and thus turn into a veritable gold mine lands which are now worthless and sterile.

A vineyard and orchard association should be formed, which in view of the profits made in the past, would inflate the bank accounts of the investors with surprising rapidity.

A Southern poet has been singing about a "dream that lay in his bosom." More likely it was mince pie. —Washington Correspondent.

No sub, it was hawg or a hen.

Burrough's Chapel.

Special to the News.

Mrs. Sarah Campbell was visiting at her aunt's, Mrs. Liza Blauvelt's, Tuesday.

M. A. Brown is now employed by N. F. Campbell in the business.

T. A. Burrough's and Charley Campbell made a business trip to James Campbell's and Jasper last Saturday.

Getting out cross ties is the principal business in this section these days.

Thomas Geary, the tombstone agent, of Tracy City, paid us a pleasant visit Tuesday while en route to James Barnett's, Whitwell, and Tracy City.

N. F. Campbell and M. A. Brown were in this section last Wednesday.

C. W. Campbell spent Wednesday at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

There was quite a storm passed here last Thursday afternoon. According to Mr. J. H. Burrough's prediction in regard to thunder in February look out for heavy frost and freezes in May.

Charlie and Jack don't go out often on a hunt but when they do they generally get the game—a fine fox, squirrel and two rabbits.

Your correspondent made a business trip to Sequachee, James Barnett's and Jasper last Friday and Saturday.

James Campbell is yet very poorly from the effects of rheumatism, catarrh and other old army troubles.

Charlie Campbell arrived home accompanied by Scott Blauvelt last Saturday. They say the tie business is all right enough but is not wholesome when it is raining.

Charlie Campbell and Scott Blauvelt went out on a hunt last Saturday afternoon and they captured five squirrels and they say it wasn't a good afternoon either or else they would have got more. They gave Jack the credit for their luck.

Considering the damp, foggy day and muddy roads we had quite a good turnout at our Sabbath school last Sunday. At this season of the year we don't expect to see good turn-outs.

Mr. F. McCullough has announced his name on the republican ticket for Sheriff of Marion County which will be tested by a vote of the people at the primary at Burrough's Chapel next Saturday. If nominated and elected we believe he will fully discharge his duty as an officer.

Aunt Sallie Lavan and Francis made us a pleasant call while en route to Tracy City Sunday.

T. E. C.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

All druggists are authorized by the manufacturers of PAZO OINTMENT to refund the money where it fails to cure any case of piles no matter how long standing. Cures ordinary cases in six days, the worst cases in sixteen days. One application gives ease and rest. Relieves itching instantly. Guaranteed to cure piles without the knife. This is a new discovery and the only pile remedy sold on a positive guarantee, no cure, no pay. Price 50 cts. Can be sent by mail. We have placed it on sale with every dealer in the town of Sequachee, Tenn., who will sell it to you on the above guarantee. F15,30t

Tennessee Inventions.

Tennessee inventions for last week were: W. O. Boykin, Jackson, wrench; G. M. Bradt, Chattanooga, self-registering check punch; B. M. Davis, Minors, quilting frame; D. J. Saltzman, Memphis, end gate for press boxes; J. E. Tucker, Memphis, tire-inflating machinery; G. W. Walker and J. C. Phelps, Friendsville, churn.

Seeing Visions.

When a man is all worn out And can't hardly crawl about With the pains from overwork, What is sweeter in the land, Sitting by the hearthstone and Seeing visions in the embers lurk.

For the ghosts of days gone by In and out the ambience fly, Hither, thither, everywhere, Pass and repeat, beckoning, Numbers past all reckoning, Unsubstantial as the air.

Scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow, Scenes, perhaps, to come to-morrow, Scenes that awaken recollection, Scenes that cause the heart to swell And remembrance on them dwell, Pass in dim and faint reflection.

For elusive as the air Gaze too bold upon them there And they vanish from the sight, Leaving only as the traces Of the well-known scenes and places Burning coals and flick'ring fire-light.

Like a magic looking-glass Through it in procession pass Visions that are manifold,— Visions, that as seen in slumber, Crowd the mind in countless number, Prophesies as rich as gold.

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"When we went to the city last week," says the editor of the Cross Roads Chronicle, "we went to see the editor of the Times. He sent word to us that time was money and that he was working on the Times. We told the boy that time was money and for him to come along and take an egg-nog. That's the reason The Chronicle is late. We didn't have no people to get out the paper for us and he did."

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Did You?

Did you get a valentine?
Did it cause your face to shine
With a smile
Like a pile

Of boys after muscadine?
Did you get a valentine?
Did your mouth get out of line
With a word

That could not be called divine?
Did you get a valentine?
Did it prove a perfect mine
Of content

As you sent
Answer "ever thine."
Did you get a valentine?
Did it cause your face to shine
With the joy

Of a boy
On peach pie about to dine.

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The Old Road.

In the old days of Marion county the Higginbotham Turnpike played an important role, being, as it was, part of a stage route from Nashville to Spring Place, Ga. Originally an Indian trail, from being traversed by the dusky children of the forest, whether on the war-path or moving from one hunting ground to another, it was travelled by stages, and the forest echoes were awakened by the blast of the stage-driver's horn. A favorite whistling point was at the summit of the mountain near Castle Rock facing Jasper, and when the clear, mellow notes of the bugle rang out from this point, it announced the coming of the stage to the people of Jasper a full hour before it could possibly arrive in the town.

The old road in summer is like a pleasant country lane and bears no marks of having once been a pathway of civilization. Still, it would not be hard to conjure up visions of painted braves stalking along the trail, or of Indian ponies drawing burdens under the charge of the squaws and children. Or we may even fancy the stage and its galloping horses swinging down the road, laden with hoisterous soldiers home-returning from the Mexican War and making the welkin ring with their shouts and songs.

The old road, if it could speak, could tell many a thrilling tale of hunting prowess or wandering savages. Its mission is now over. With the advent of the locomotive its principal use departed. It is still traversed but so infrequently that, the road which the moccasins of the savage first tread and the rough boot of the settler crushed later and the iron-rimmed wheels of the stage first cleared a track upon the sward, which later turned to dust as the tramping horses and unwieldy stages wore it down, now threatens to lapse into a natural state. Every year the briars intrude further upon it and the green sward grows into it and the bushes encroach upon it. The old road has served its purpose, like many another factor in life, and is ready to sink back into oblivion.

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In Kentucky.

When you visit in Kentucky, To be strictly safe and lucky, Be an arsenal a-walking, If you would be heard a-talking In Kentucky.

Take your pistols and your bowie, Never mind if they are showy, Keep them handy on excursions And all popular diversions In Kentucky. GUILLAUME.

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In a Cow Camp.

(Continued)

"Here, get up, boys," rang out Pat's voice very early next morning. Of course we were not very quick to get up but not wishing to be altogether contrary we did not delay very much. As a rule we had to tie up a horse over night to hunt up the others of a morning, and as the other boys were acquainted with the range it fell to one of them to look out for the horses. I think it was Price that went after them this morning. As I was only company I was not called on to do much, only to carry a load of wood or do something that did not take much brain work. Pat was the principal cook, (poor fellow he is dead now,) but I must say I thought he was the best cook I ever saw that morning for I was very hungry. Walter and myself did up the chores around the camp. We got up the wood for the day and then sat around the fire until breakfast was ready. Price was still gone after the horses so we decided to eat our morsel and let him eat when he came. Pat and Walter were playing out the day's work. Of course I was left entirely to them for I was a stranger in a strange land. We had to wait quite a while for Price. Finally we heard the bell that was on one of the horses and the three of us turned out to help catch what we wanted for the day. This took some time for the horses out there knew what they suffer when cowboys ride them all day long. This country was very rough and the cattle exceedingly wild, so we picked out the best horses for the first day's work. I don't recollect which one they gave me to start on. No matter, it was understood that I was to bring up the rear, anyway. By this time I guess Price was getting hungry. Pat had his moral waiting for him and while he was eating Pat and Walter were telling him how they had planned the day's work and few changes were made. While Will was finishing his repast the rest of us saddled up our horses, getting ready for work.

"Hold on, boys," said Price, "I know how we can increase our chuck." All our voices rang out at once, "How is that, Will?"

"You know that big cedar on the trail over to Wheatfield?"

"Yes."

"Well as I came by there yesterday eve I noticed bees going out of it and I am sure there is honey in the tree. So if some of you boys will help me this evening I will go back over there and cut into the tree and find out."

Everyone joyfully assented, for honey in a cow camp would taste fine, and we decided to do that evening.

We then started on the first day's chase, and left the camp together, but soon separated, Pat and Price going in one direction, and Walter and myself in another to meet at a certain point. We rode very hard that day and did not find any unbranded calves, but you can bet your sweet life I had some tough experiences running through the bushes and cactus. The greatest trouble with me was to keep the saddle under me. For when the pony made a quick turn the saddle followed it, then it was my time to que bon (look out), but I stayed with it like the old woman said about getting to heaven "by a tight squeeze." We kept chasing the cattle till late in the evening when to my delight some of the boys suggested that we return to camp, to which I said "amen." We reached the camp just before night fall and nothing was said about that bee tree—by me at least.

(To be Continued.)

J. M. CURNUTT.

WARM POLITICS.

(Continued)

CONVENTION AT JASPER IS SENSATIONAL.

Foster Brown's Friends Leave the Convention And Have One To Themselves.

The republican convention at Jasper Saturday developed a storm which had been brewing for some time. The Brown and Evans factions came to clash, and while there were no personal conflicts, it was a political fight of the warmest description. Just as present there are two county chairmen, two sets of delegates-at-large, and two sets of district delegates claimed by the republicans of Marion county.

Chairman Dams called the meeting to order at 10 a. m. H. L. W. Raulston, a Brown man, and D. A. Tate, an Evans man, were nominated for county chairman. A viva voce vote failed, although the Evans men claim they outnumbered the Brown men 3 to 1, and the latter admit they excelled them in noise. The Evans people then proposed a vote by ballot, but the Brown men wanted a division of the house, which was done; again the Evans men appeared to be superior, at least in the estimation of Chairman Dams, who declared Mr. Tate elected. Then there was an immediate uproar, both sides endeavoring to debate the question at once.

During the disturbance Mr. Tate had been escorted to the chair, and when partial quiet was restored, he said he was willing to waive his rights to election until the question should be settled by ballot, but this was drowned by cries of "no."

Then Jim Morrison proclaimed Raulston elected and called on the Brown forces to adjourn to the yard, ironically alluding to the Evans men as "niggers and postmasters," and they retorting on him in kind advising him to "go to the democratic party where he belonged."

It was a dramatic scene that perhaps will not be repeated for some time. It reminds one of Mark Twain's experience editing a Missouri paper while its editor was taking a vacation, and he was waited on by a "rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends." Six negroes followed them to the yard according to the claims of some, though the Brown men say there was not a negro among them. Neither Mr. Brown nor Mr. Raulston left the hall at once, but went out afterwards, Mr. Brown addressing his side in the yard.

Both sides then proceeded to the election of delegates. The Evans side under Chairman Tate endorsed Evans, Fowler, Napier and James Jeffries for delegates-at-large, and John T. Raulston and Newell Sanders for district delegates.

The Brown people instructed for Brown, Brownlow, Fillmore and McCall as delegates at large and Littleton and Wassman as district delegates.

The Brown men claim that the Evans men packed the convention with democrats who had no right to be there. The Evans men say it is not so. The Brown men claim that they had half the white men or more on their side. The Evans men claim that they outnumbered the Brown men three to one, and that the colored vote was not all for Evans. Both sides claim they are right and there you are.

CHATTANOOGA, Feb. 11 (Special).—The Brownlow faction of the Republican party here boldly claim to-day that notwithstanding the apparent victory of H. Clay Evans in Marion County when he secured the delegation over Foster V. Brown in the latter's home county, Brown will be the East Tennessee delegate at large to the National Convention. Brownlow men claim that Evans will not get a vote from the First or Second Congressional districts which will leave him little chance to win. The Third district, they say, Evans will carry because of the postoffice, census enumerators, etc., controlled by him, but the Third District has only 78 votes in the State convention. If Brown gets the entire vote of the First and Second districts he will only need about a dozen other votes to elect him. The Evans people do not seem to be alarmed, and the indications are that the thousands of pensioners in the two upper districts are in some way relied upon to help out the Commissioner in the present emergency.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS for district office managers in this state to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay yearly \$500, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. S. A. Paris, Canton Building, Chicago.

Will of often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25c a box. Sold by W. B. Kettner, Whitwell, and other dealers.

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Literary Society.

The Mock Trial Friday night was a howling success. It raised a continual laugh from start to finish, and the janitor the next morning swept up enough buttons to keep him and his wife in full supply for a year. W. S. Pryor was about as solemn a judge as ever sat on judicial bench. The attorneys, Messrs. H. E. Tate and Edgar Pryor for the prosecution, and Messrs. S. T. Robertson and Edwin Pryor for the defense, were capital and pleaded the causes of their clients in a very shrewd manner and the witnesses were about as sharp as the lawyers were, several creating quite a sensation with what they testified to. They were Messrs Albert Lanaster, Jake Houts, John R. Robertson and W. C. Hill for the defense and Messrs Joe Kilgore and Brown Robertson for the prosecution. The prisoner was Asaiah Burnett, Jr., accused of stealing a calf from Oscar Campbell, prosecutor and sheriff, but he proved an alibi. The defense also proved that the prosecutor did not know the difference between up the road and down and at the conclusion of the argument by the lawyers, the jury, Messrs C. H. Davidson, J. R. Houts, Alfred Hynes, Sam Curtis and Dr. Schultz, brought in a verdict for the defense, with a recommendation that Mr. Campbell mark his calves hereafter. The program for next Friday evening is as follows:

Reading. Miss Louise Hill. Debate—Resolved that the execution of Charles I of England, was not justifiable.

At. Neg. Jas. C. Thornton. Edwin Pryor. Albert Lanaster. Joe Kilgore. Sam Robertson. Chas. Curtis.

Recitation. Miss Ruby Hoge. Music—Miss Louise Hill and W. C. Hill. Paper—Oscar Campbell and John R. Robertson.

The program for Washington's Birthday, Thursday, Feb. 23, is very elaborate and is as follows:

1 Opening Song. America. 2 Recitation. Amanda Curtis. 3 Reading, Selection from Washington's Farewell Address, Chas. Curtis. 4 Music, violin and organ, W. C. Hill and Miss Louise Hill. 5 Debate, Resolved, That no country has produced a Greater Statesman than Washington.

At. H. E. Tate; Neg. W. S. Pryor. 6 Essay. William C. Hill. 7 Recitation. Miss Louise Hill. 8 Oration. S. T. Robertson. 9 Music, Miss Louise Hill, W. C. Hill. 10 Address. Maj. T. H. Hill. 11 Song. Good Night. School.

He Tried Them All.

J. F. Habermol, Bradford, Indiana, says: I have used almost every class of Pills known to me, but never found any relief for habitual constipation and liver trouble. I bought four boxes of Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets of an agent of the Brown Mfg. Co., at Greenville, Tenn. I used two boxes of the Pink Pills and followed with the Pellets every night for thirty days, and today I am as healthy as I was twenty years ago. I will recommend Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets to all who suffer with such complaints. The Pills and Pellets are a sure cure; they make one feel like a new person. I would not be without the Pills in my family.

Shirleyton.

Special to the News.

Mrs. John Condra who has been sick for some time is improving.

Mr. Mat Lewis is visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. R. F. Condra shipped two car loads of hickory timber to Jasper last Saturday.

Miss Mollie Hackworth, of Cedar Springs spent part of last week here with her grandmother, Mrs. John Condra.

Tomps Andes and John Slatton went Whitwell Saturday to the Horse Traders Convention.

Look out, girls. Joe Condra carried home a fine rocker Saturday evening. He has about decided to be saved by "Grace" after all.

Misses Amanda Ashburn and Electa Andes went to Cedar Springs Sunday to hear Rev. Hollister preach.

Mr. Tom Ashburn, the champion horse trader of this place, went to Whitwell Saturday.

Miss Mollie Slatton went to Cedar Springs Sunday.

Ike Ashburn went up the road Sunday. Wonder where to.

Tomps Andes went across the river Sunday evening. It seems that there is a great attraction near New Hope for him.

Somebody lost their shoe Thursday evening just after that hard rain somewhere between Whitwell and their home. Anyone finding it will please return it to the owner.

Success to the News and its many readers.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by W. B. Kettner, Whitwell, and all dealers.

Shipments from the Cleveland Stove works are increasing.